Campbell Interurban Press.

Fourteenth Year. CAMPBELL, SANTA CLARA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8, 1908. No. 40

WHAT THE EXCHANGES SAY.

East San Jose is just emerging from the cow-town into a beautiful residence village, thanks to the good work of the Board of Trustees, acknowledges the Post of that place.—*Palo Alto Tribune.*

"California will be a dry state five years from now," said a local business man to The Citizen several days ago. "The saloon has got to go and the strange thing about the proposition is this: it's the drinking men who will vote them out.—*Palo Alto Citizen.*

Assistant District Attorney Francis J. Heney, of San Francisco, who has become famous for his activity in graft prosecutions in the city during the last year or more, has been secured to deliver the High School commencement address on Thursday, June 18th.—*Los Gatos Mail.*

The "wets" at San Juan contemplate starting another newspaper in that town—the third paper, by the way, in a town of only 600 inhabitants. Perhaps it is a Royal Arch enterprise.—*Los Gatos Mail.* No doubt the saloons will endeavor to put the *Echo* out of business, because its editor will not knuckle down. Papers that have the "nerve" to stand up for decency should be ably supported.

The danger signal is up in East San Jose! What if San Jose should vote itself "dry" and East San Jose should "go back on itself" and become "wet!" Now, wouldn't that be "a pretty kettle of fish" for E. S. J.? Of course it would, and Editor Hurlbert warns his fellow townsmen to "stand by the flag." Bro. Hurlbert is doing a good work in East San Jose.—*Los Gatos Mail.*

The East San Jose Post is making a brave fight to elect the Good Government municipal ticket, which stands for present no-saloon conditions. The fight is against a "blind tiger" ticket—that is, while publicly claiming to be a "no-saloon" ticket, secretly it stands for the opposition.—*Los Gatos Mail.*

Full line Summer Hats just received

Large assortment of vegetable and garden seeds.

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CAMPBELL INTERURBAN PRESS

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ELGIN C. HURLBERT - - - - - Editor and Proprietor

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PRESS NOTES

Mr. Grundy and family have gone to the Modesto country to live.

S. A. Moulton is reported ill with typhoid fever at his home near Coyote. His many friends here hope for his speedy recovery.

The Campbell Fruit Growers' Union recently shipped a carload of boxed prunes to New York. This is the first car that has gone out of Campbell for time and things around the Union took on a familiar appearance for a time.

Mrs. Blaisdell has sold her house on second street to Mr. and Mrs. Hagen of Los Gatos, who will build a cottage addition to the present building.

A. E. Shepherd was elected Grammer School Trustee in Cambrian District.

George Robson has accepted a position as bookkeeper at the Hotel Vendome.

Mrs. C. B. Miracle is off on a trip to Catalina Islands, accompanying her guests, Mrs. Fornance and Mrs. Glover of Stevens Point, Wisconsin.

H. E. Brandenburg was elected school trustee in San Tomas district.

Miss Teresa Scholz is home from a visit of three weeks with her brother in San Francisco.

Mrs. Martinie and daughter, Catherine, were down from Palo Alto to attend the Methodist rollcall, visiting Mrs. S. L. Hayes.

Dr. M[illegible]er was called to Colfax by the serious illness of his mother a few days ago. Friday she was so much improved that he was able to return.

Mr. Stewart of Pacific Grove visited with Mr. Wright during last week.

Methodist Annual Meeting.

The Annual Rollcall Meeting of the Methodist Church was held at the church parlors Wednesday evening of last week. A bountiful supper was first partaken of, after which the roll call called, members responding with Scripture verses. An infomal program consisted of selections by a quartet, by Misses Florence Kennedy, Tillie Hayes, Adella Archibald and Mrs. Hurlbert; a vocal solo by Miss Cora Rodeck; a reading by Miss Mary Clark and a piano solo by Miss Catherine Martinie of Palo Alto.

Addresses were made by the pastor and several members in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. Archibald and family, who are soon to move to Vancouver, B. C. Responses were made by Mr. Archibald and Misses Letitia and Della.

School Trustees Elected.

Charles Berry was re-elected grammar school trustee without opposition. He has served nine years on the board.

J. C. Ainsley, who was recently appointed trustee on account of A. K. Joy's resignation, was elected last Friday without opposition to fill the unexpired term of two years.

The grammar school is going along very satisfactorily, the trustees taking a deep interest in the work. Precautions have been taken against fire, the gymnasium has been encouraged and much interest has been shown in this branch of work by both boys and girls.

Dr. P. C. Hartman was last Friday re-elected high school trustee without opposition.

Ocean Shore Road Progressing.

(From the San Mateo Leader)

The capacity of the Ocean Shore railway to take care of its passengers is taxed to the utmost every Sunday.

Over three thousand passengers visited the new beach resorts up the coast on Sunday last.

The company's equipment at present is inadequate to take care of its rapidly growing business, but many new cars will soon be available and two new Baldwin locomotives are expected to arrive this week.

The company is preparing for an excursion party of about 10,000 people who will go to the cliffs south of Pedro valley to view the fleet as it comes up the coast. From the high bluffs of Pedro Point and Saddle Rock there is an unobstructed view for fifty miles of coast line.

Another mile of rails was laid last week, and the rails are laid through and for a considerable distance south of the tunnel.

Two steam shovels are at work south of Pedro, and the big cut at Saddle Rock is practically finished. The worst part of the grading work is practically over, and the trestle which is to be put in near Green Canyon is ready to be bolted together. From Green Canyon, south to Half Moon Bay, construction work will be rapid, as there is very little grading to be done, and but three or four small bridges to be built. With good weather and no accidents Half Moon Bay can boast of a railroad this Fourth of July.

Instructions to Census Marshals.

Among the instructions sent to the census marshals by Superintendent Bateman, the following are of general interest:

The census must be taken between the 15th and 30th day of April.

The law requires you to visit every residence and to get the name and age of every child from the youngest infant to those 17 years of age and the signature of the parent or guardian. List no children who have become 17 years of age before April 15th. If a child has no name write the word "baby" on the slip. If a parent or guardian refuses to sign, write the parent's or guardian's name on the slip with an explanatory note. If the parent or guardian cannot sign, have him make his mark.

In the country where there are no streets, give the name of the road on, or nearest to, which the people live.

Your report must be sworn to before a school officer or a Notary Public.

Your report is due in this office not later than the 10th day of May, 1908.

Real Estate Transactions.

Jennie Wells to Robert Lane—Lot 13, B 2, Rucker addition, Campbell, $10.

R K Thomas et al to Campbell Fruit Growers Union—West Central Avenue, 60 S from NE corner lot 6, W to SW line lot 6, SE to SE line lot 6, N 51 feet to beginning, part lot 6, Campbell Tract, Campbell, $10.

John W Lancaster et ux to C B and Lottie L Miracle—Lot 7, Thomas addition 1, Campbell, $10.

To Boys—Look on the Sunny Side.

By FRANK H. SOMMER, Sheriff of Essex County, New Jersey.

OF ALL THE LADS I HAVE MET—SOME CARELESS, OTHERS RECKLESS, SOME JUST TOUGH AND OTHERS ADDICTED TO BLOWING "COKE," WITH WHOM THE LINE BETWEEN TRUTH AND UNTRUTH HAD BECOME BLURRED AND INDISTINCT, AND SOME WHO FAILED TO DISTINGUISH BETWEEN THEIR PROPERTY AND THAT OF OTHERS—THERE IS JUST ONE TYPE OF WHOM I DESPAIR. THAT IS THE FELLOW WITH THE CONFIRMED "GROUCH." HE SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN BORN WITH THE NOTION THAT HE HAD NO CHANCE AND, GROWING UP, HAS HUGGED THIS IDEA AS A CHERISHED THING.

In the daily grind he has let all NERVE AND ENTHUSIASM ooze out. He is sour and morose and refuses to look on the sunny side of life.

You tell him how others situated as he is have worked their way up, and his only comment is, "Just a LUCKY hit," or, "He's just a lucky dog."

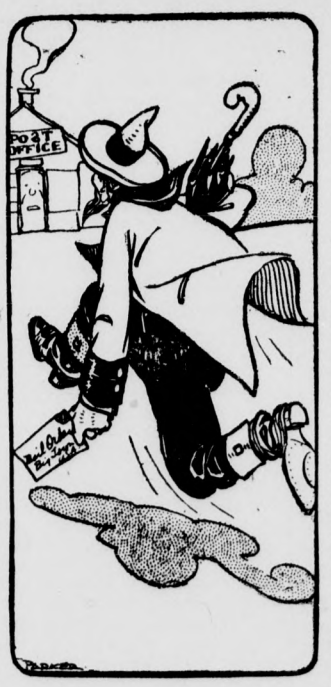
You tell him of the work that the world is doing for boys through neighborhood playgrounds, recreation centers and boys' clubs, the establishment of the probation system and juvenile courts; how earnest women and men are engaged in organized effort to assure every boy a "SQUARE DEAL" in life, and he sits back with a cynical look upon his face, sullenly hugging his grouch to his breast.

You can help a lad, no matter what his faults or how many, in whom the spark of enthusiasm is alive, for he has THE WILL TO HELP HIMSELF. You cannot help a lad who has a confirmed GROUCH, for in him the spirit of enthusiasm is dead and he lacks the will to help himself.

From out of my experience I can dig up no message more valuable than this: DON'T HUG A GROUCH; LOOK ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE, for the dark will turn up without hunting, and keep on doing your level best.

I do not care how DESPERATE your state may be. Though your clothes may be in tatters, though mealtime means pulling the belt buckle to another hole and though the setting sun may simply be a signal for the beginning of a weary hunt for some place to lay your head, I say to you, though I know how bitter and discouraging the fight is, don't grouch, for out in the wide world THERE IS SOME PLACE FOR YOU and some one ready to lend a helping hand.

Are You a Trust Buster?



Hey—You!

Yes, YOU'RE the man we mean.

You're always talking about the harm the trusts are doing. The country's going to the demnition bowwows, you say, because of the uncurbed trusts. Rich growing richer, poor getting poorer. Used to be that a poor man could go into business for himself in a modest way and make a good living. Now he must become a clerk or a roustabout or a hodcarrier for some corporation—some combination that has grown to be a Goliath of bigness, that has devoured the fat of the land and is still gourmandizing upon it, till there's not a scrap of bone left for the under dog.

That's your line of talk. You're still handing it out, and you're proud of it.

Well, now, let's see: Are YOU a trust buster YOURSELF?

Didn't we see you stalk up to the postoffice just now and mail a letter with the address of a city Mail Order Store on the envelope? Hey? Didn't we?

Don't you know that the Mail Order Store is a trust—one of the most dangerous in the crowd? Don't you know that it is secretly and silently and slyly closing the doors of opportunity to the young men in country towns and small cities like ours? Don't you know that the Mail Order Trust is collecting the patronage of town and country people by the mail route, thereby cutting down the patronage of the smaller merchant, the local man who is trying to build up a modest, independent, antitrust business?

Hey?

Didn't that ever occur to you?

N. B. (which means note well): Why don't you trade at home instead of helping to build up a trust that hurts your home place?

I MEET MY YOUTH.

Some time—I know not how or when—
This weary road I journey on
Will lead through lands that I have known,
And I shall meet my youth again—
Thro' some old wood my childhood knew
The road, at length, will bring to view
A cottage in a lonely glen,
Where I shall meet my youth again.

Where I shall greet beside the gate
A boy whose unforgotten face
Will glad me with its tender grace
Of artless life and love elate;
My soul will sparkle in his gaze
The while his sunburnt hand I raise
Against my lips in silence, then,
Where I shall meet my youth again.

And yet the lad of whom I dream
May know me not, for I shall be
To him a deep'ning mystery
Of things that are and things that seem;
From these old scars of time and toil
His heart, albeit, may recoil,
As children's often do from men,
Where I shall meet my youth again.

But he shall know me at the last,
And creep into my arms and weep,
As I shall lull his lids to sleep
With stories of the changed past;
And ere the morning breaks upon
Us twain, our souls shall be as one,
And time shall breathe a soft "Amen"
Where I shall meet my youth again.
—Boston Globe.

His Old Friend's Daughter

"Poor Tom Harper!"

This was the doctor's first reflection when he had read the letter, with Lorna sitting awaiting the result—sitting and smiling a smile of eagerness and contentment while she gazed about her. Somehow the smile seemed scarcely to suit her black frock.

"Poor papa didn't know what was to become of me,' she remarked when Wilberforce turned his wrinkles toward her. "He said there was no one but you. He had awful bad luck, you know, poor dad!"

"She's no good for a governess," thought Wilberforce in that moment. "She's too young and pretty, and she doesn't distinguish properly between an adverb and an adjective."

To her, however, he spoke with sublime cheeriness.

"It's all right, if you can rough it, my dear," he said. The next moment he blushed to his greying hair. The "my dear" had slipped out unawares. He was a very tender doctor to his youthful patients—could persuade them even better than their mothers to bolt his nastiest messes. That was how it happened.

"I'm forgetting myself," he added, with a rather stiff laugh. "What I mean is that we'll rub along somehow till you tire of it, Miss Harper. It's difficult for me to imagine that my old friend Tom's daughter can be grown up."

Her own laugh in reply was anything but stiff.

"Oh, it's quite all right, Dr. Gates," she exclaimed, "and very, very good of you; but please don't call me Miss Harper. I seem to know you so well, you know, because dad was always talking about you. He used to call you Wilby Gates, and me—Trilby. That was because I didn't wear shoes if I could help it until I put up my hair."

Wilby and Trilby!

Wilberforce hoped to heaven such a concatenation would never reach his housekeeper's ears.

But it did. That first evening the girl's spirits had become high enough for her to take sundry little liberties with him. She insisted, for example, on watching him make up his medicines, asking reverently about the poisons, and decided that Dr. "Wilby" was much nicer than Dr. Gates. She called him Dr. Wilby at dinner, and looked a challenge at the towering and stately Mrs. Martin, who was placing an entree on the table at the time.

"I expect Mrs. Martin's shocked," she ventured, shrugging like the spoilt young thing she evidently was.

"I expect she is," ventured he.

"Well, yes," said Mrs. Martin herself, after some impressive eyebrow action; "it is not a manner of addressing Dr. Gates which I can precisely say that I like."

The next day people began to talk about Lorna taking its dear doctor's arm in the public streets; and Mrs. Martin's lips wore a threatening aspect from breakfast to bedtime. Mrs. Martin waited at table now with a tight mouth and glances at Lorna which her master thoroughly understood.

Wilberforce was himself already disturbed in mind and spirit, amused a little, but disturbed still more.

Of course, there was the alluring side to it. Some of the visions that came to him of perpetual life with a dying young sunbeam were so truly disquieting in their insidiousness that he could only pace about and stamp his foot on them.

Lorna loved flowers, and would have them.

She persuaded Wilberforce to give her a shilling a day to spend on such pretty things. The result was delightful. She put rosebuds by the very skull on his surgery table, and Wilberforce admitted quite truthfully that he ate his breakfast with more pleasure than ever before, thanks to the fragrant blossoms by the coffee pot.

But Lorna herself was the fairest blossom of all. And this also he admitted—to himself.

A week passed, and Lorna's second Sunday in Bulstead arrived.

"Do you know, Mrs. Martin," asked Lorna, when the now frigid housekeeper brought in the tea tray, "what is going to happen this evening?'

The doctor fidgeted in the armchair which she had with her own hands arranged for him in the sunshine—fidgeted and laughed.

"Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Martin," he said soothingly, "it isn't anything revolutionary."

"I am glad to know that," said Mrs. Martin. "Raglan House has undergone a complete transformation in the last few days. One doesn't know what next to expect."

If she meant that for a rebuke, it missed fire.

"There, Dr. Wilby," exclaimed Lorna, "isn't that nice of her? She isn't really jealous of me a bit. Thank you so much, Mrs. Martin. We're both going to church to-night! That's what's going to happen, and you are requested to rejoice."

"I think I can manage it; and she's so very insistent," put in Wilberforce, almost as if he owed his housekeeper an apology.

"Indeed, sir!" said Mrs. Martin; and she left the room with no more rejoicing than that.

Lorna's amusement afterwards made the doctor feel uneasy. It was true he had not gone to church for many weeks. But he knew just what Mrs. Martin would think. She would think he had no principles of his own, and that it was disgraceful that he had to be led, even towards good things, by a mere designing little chit like his poor friend Tom's daughter.

He did not feel happy, even in church. Half of the parish would be at gossip about him and the girl afterwards.

And he felt violently uncomfortable after supper when the little witch must needs put her arms round his neck when he was nestled at his ease with his pipe, and whisper that he was an old darling.

"Such an old darling, Wilby, that one of these days I'm going to tell you something."

He flushed and turned quickly to-

"WHAT LUCK?" HE WHISPERED.

wards her, with an eye for the door at the same time.

"I don't think, my dear Lorna," he said, "you—that is, you are not to twine yourself into my life inextricably. You don't know what you are doing."

"Oh, yes, I do!" she said; and she stroked his greying hair. "I know you as well as you do yourself."

"In that case——"

"But there's no hurry—no immediate hurry, I mean to say. It's something I'm going to confess to you when I've seen just a very little more of you, Wilby."

For the first time in his life Wilberforce trembled beneath the gaze of a pair of beautiful eyes. He trembled, laid his pipe on the floor, stood up, took the girl's pretty head in his hands, and turned her face towards him.

"Lorna!" he whispered.

"Well, sir?" she said, defying his gravity.

"You do so remind me of your father. He was just as impulsive and generous and——"

"No," said she, "I'm not generous; only selfish. I know you'll think I'm horribly selfish and scheming when I tell you; but we're made so differently over there. We grow up quicker, for one thing, and know our own minds sooner than you do. There's Mrs. Martin. One would think she's going to live hundreds of years, she seems so content to drag along always the same, day after day. And you, too, Wilby dear; though, of course, you're a saint. To-day's Sunday. Yes, I'll tell you on Tuesday. And—you may kiss me good-night, Wilby, just this once. You look so dreadfully die-away and—old, poor dear!"

Wilberforce kissed her forehead.

"Good-night, my dear," he said, "and remember I feel quite as old as I look."

She caught his hand as it dropped from her.

"Who cares what you look like, Wilby?" she demanded, impetuously. "You're"—she patted his hand—"splendid—good and splendid! Night-night, dear!"

She swung away with a cool young laugh and shut the door upon him.

Wilberforce sat on a long time without remembering his pipe. He didn't know what to think. He didn't dare give rein to the most clamorous of his thoughts; but if not that, what? He said it shouldn't be and couldn't be. Yet by and by he went to bed with his blood pulsing in him as if he were 20 or 30, instead of a tired 40.

He felt more and more at sixes and sevens with Fate.

When he looked in his glass he saw an unattractive, weather-beaten old buffer, and could only laugh to scorn the notion that Lorna had taken a fancy to him and was on the eve of telling him so. But there was no getting away from the kindness in her eyes and her affectionate little ways.

And so this great day opened with sunshine as bright as Lorna's own eyes when they met him in the breakfast-room.

"Well, my dear," he said, with a brave smile, and then "Hullo!" as he espied a card on his plate. "That ring was a patient, then?"

He read the name:

"Mr. Willie Blackstone."

In the left hand corner were the words, "Murray Plains."

Mrs. Martin then appeared, with dark suspicion all over her, and the coffee.

"Good morning, sir," she said. "I presume you will breakfast before you see the young gentleman? Miss Lorna said so."

He flashed a look at the girl. Never had she seemed to him so lovely and—mischievous. She nodded furiously as if to coerce him.

"It's all right, no doubt, Mrs. Martin," he said. He took up the card again. "I haven't the least idea who he is."

"That's the fun of it, Wilby," cried Lorna. "And—don't stop to listen, Mrs. Martin, there's an old dear."

The housekeeper's head seemed to charge her with all manner of crimes. It tossed deliberately two or three times ere she was out of the room. She disapproved of the "Wilby." As for the "old dear," it was nothing less than an insult from such a pert pair of lips.

"Now, then," said Lorna, "you are to eat your breakfast just as usual. Your letters may wait, Wilby. I'm going to tell you about it while you eat. Come; sit down."

Wilberforce sat down. He felt absurd, but tried to dissemble his feelings with a laugh.

"You are a strange child!" he said.

"I am," she said positively. "And I shall give you more sugar than usual in your first cup to help you not to mind what I am. There! Now start on your porridge. It's my confession that's coming."

"Ah!"

Spoon in hand, the doctor darted another look at the card.

"About that?" he asked.

"Yes, dear. I met him on the boat. Murray Plains is his father's place. They've tens of thousands of stock and are awful rich. But it isn't because he's so well off that I love him. It's because I can't do anything else. I thought so during the voyage, but wouldn't tell him so, quite, you know. It doesn't do to give one's self all away in a month, does it, Wilby? He wanted to come right along here and see you about me the very first thing, but I wouldn't let him. I wanted to wrestle it out with myself, you know, and decide. I did the deciding last week. He's written four times. He said in the last but one he'd turn up to-day, certain, whether I liked his coming or not. That's why I put off telling you till to-day. If he hadn't come I don't know what I'd have done. But here he is. He left London before six—the very earliest train, you know. And oh! Wilby, dear, do—do be nice to him, will you? This is his photograph."

He took the photograph and could find no fault with it, even if he had felt disposed to be bitter. So far from this, however—it was an extraordinary thing, yet true—he felt relieved, and more prone to smile.

"His eyes are the bluest you ever saw, Wilby, dear!" she declared.

Wilberforce quite smiled now.

"And I should judge he knows how to use them, you little diplomatist!" he said.

"Little what?"

"Diplomatist. But tell me some more about him, before I fetch him in to breakfast."

She was on him like a hawk.

"Oh, Wilby, you old darling!" she cried. "But I knew you would—I knew it! His father is Sir Ralph Blackstone, and is ever so much respected. Willie is his only son; but it would be just the same whatever he was. I do love him truly."

"Yes," said the doctor, "I see you do. Well, if you'll quit rumping my hair, I'll go to him. It's—it's very comforting to me to think you may be, eventually, so well provided for."

"Is it, indeed?"

"I assure you it is," he said. "Honor bright, Lorna!"

He waved his hand to her and left the room, and in rather less than five minutes someone tapped diffidently at the door, and in came the original of the photograph. "What luck!" he whispered, and then they were in each other's arms.

As for Wilberforce, he sat quiet for a minute, then rang the surgery bell and spoke a few enlightening words to Mrs. Martin. They had a remarkable effect upon that good lady. "Well—I never!" she exclaimed, and she looked as happy, almost, though in a different way, as Lorna herself.

And then a real patient came, and the doctor decided to see her at once and not trouble about his breakfast. Another patient followed the first, and yet another. It was half an hour before he could return to the breakfast-room.

But the lovers were not among the coffee cups. From the window Wilberforce saw them pacing the lawn, arm in arm, absorbed in themselves.

"What a narrow escape!" he said, with the smile of a man who had well disciplined himself to find his contentment in the happiness of others.—Black and White.

Editorials

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

MODERN EDUCATION.

ONE danger of modern education, under the pressure of the demand for skilled workmen, is the sacrifice of culture, with its breadth and ripeness and depth of knowledge, to discipline and instruction. In this age of trained men no sane person will question for a moment the necessity for the disciplined brain and hand. To them is already committed most of the work of the day, and to them, and to the nation that develops them, the future belongs. Nor will any sane man question the necessity of the education that gives knowledge; for to-day, not only in science, but in practical affairs, the fruits of prosperity are in the hands of those who can pluck them from the tree of knowledge. But a school or university might discipline and train men and yet be as bare of any inspirational influence, any refining quality, any power of stirring the soul, as the forest is bare of leaves when the wind of December sweeps through it. In its richer sense, education is as much a matter of atmosphere as of definite instruction; and an enthusiasm for any kind of knowledge, shared by a group of undergraduates, is often more contagious and fruitful for educational purposes than the most thorough training in the classroom and the laboratory.—The Outlook.

THE PROBLEM OF FARM TENANCY.

THERE is cause for alarm in the figures of American farm tenancy, which show that the percentage of farms operated by owners is constantly decreasing. The census of 1900 is authority for the statement that over one-third of the farms are operated by tenants and that in the past twenty years the percentage has risen from 25.5 in 1880 to 35.3 in 1900.

In Germany, that land of autocracy, aristocracy and a social system that is the outgrowth of centuries, only 12.38 of farm lands are cultivated by tenants. Yet in the free United States, the republic of opportunity, the percentage of tenant-operated farms is nearly three times as great.

This is in spite of the fact that land has always been in greater abundance in this country than labor or capital, and that since 1863 no fewer than 233,043,939 acres have been given away by the government in homesteads of 160 acres each. Any man who wanted to own a farm and establish a home had only to take one up.

Neither has the distribution of land been confined to any one year; indeed, since 1900 more has been given away than at any previous period. Yet more than one farm in every three is worked, not by its owner, but by a tenant.

The percentage of tenancy varies greatly in different sections of the country. In the South Central States, for example, it rises as high as 48.6, due in large degree, no doubt, to the negro population. In the North Central States, of which Illinois is one, the percentage is only 26.9, sinking thence gradually through a percentage of 20.8 for the North Atlantic States to 16.6 per cent for the Western States.

Economists claim that tenancy is a step toward ownership; that the young man who purchases a farm is first a renter. This theory is not borne out by facts, for the percentage of farms held by tenants does not decrease. On the contrary, it is rising constantly.

Legislation will have to be had that will make it easier to own land than at present, and the establishment of a better credit system, so that money can be borrowed more readily and cheaply for the purchase of farms, is also imperative if the United States is not to follow Great Britain, where 86 per cent of the farms are operated by tenants.—Chicago Journal.

THE TRUTH ABOUT LEAP YEAR.

THE number of sermons that are being preached on leap year as an opportunity for women would lead unsophisticated persons to believe that there really is a custom which permits women, one year in four, to propose marriage. As a matter of fact, no such custom exists. Leap year, in that sense, is a jest of the humorists, ranking higher than the mother-in-law joke only because of its quadrennial infrequency.

Doubtless, if women felt the need of permission to ask men to marry them, they would obtain it, for one year in four or for all years. But there is no necessity of the sort. The economy of nature has so arranged matters that women are provided with a subtler means of finding life-mates than merely asking them. "Any woman," said Lord Chesterfield, "can marry any man she wishes to," and the whole philosophy of matrimony is contained in that one sentence. The woman who has fixed upon a man as her husband has only to flatter him in the cunning ways that women know, and before he is aware of it he has surrendered. Woman is not always the proposer, of course, but she is in many cases, in all those cases where the man of her choice shows a lack of will to possess her. She does not propose in words, but the proposition is made, nevertheless. Woman does not need the privileges fun-makers have said that leap year gives her. Every year is leap year, in the feminine calendar.—Des Moines News.

PROSPERITY, MARRIAGE AND DRUNKENNESS.

THE tendency to matrimony is shown to be related to the comparative prosperity or adversity of the times. The number of marriages increases and decreases with the bank rate and the employed percentage. The influences which lead the people of the United Kingdom to marry more also lead them, it appears, to drink more. The consumption of alcoholic liquors per head of the population bears a very definite relation to the comparative prosperity or adversity of the period.—London Post.

"I've got some news for you this morning, Evelina," said the groceryman, as he laid his basket on the table.

"You've got more pay, I suppose," said the pretty cook, indifferently. "Or does the boss insist on your going in partners with him and runnin' the business the way it ought to be run?"

"It would be a good thing for him if he did," said the groceryman. "He don't know what's to his intrust, though. When he seen the run o' custom there was after I'd been kep' in the store for a week he'd be shakin' hands with hisself. As it is, I don't get no show. It takes me all my time deliverin' what's ordered without drummin' up any new trade gen'rally."

"It wouldn't if you didn't put in so much time gassin' with folks that want to get rid of you," said the pretty cook, severely.

"What's more," pursued the groceryman, ignoring the inunendo, "rushed as I am, I find time to boom the business once in a while. I got a new customer this mornin', an' that's the news I'd got to tell you. She's a bride."

"Is that so?' asked the pretty cook, opening her eyes. "Who is she? Is she in the red brick?"

"Naw," replied the groceryman. "She's in the flats op'sit. Robinson put me wise they was expected back an' I got in ahead of everybody. I guess she never done no kind o' housekeeping afore. She ordered——"

"Is she young?" interrupted the cook. "I don't want to know what she ordered. Tell me about her. What's her name? I wonder if it ain't somebody I know?"

"Yes, she's young," replied the groceryman. "I told her I'd come from the best grocery in town and wanted to get her custom, and she seen right away that it must be a good grocery if I was representin' it, so she said that was all right an' she'd jest as soon give me her trade an' a little rather. I asked her what she wanted an'——"

"Oh, hush!" said the cook. "How young was she?"

"'Bout 20 or 25, I guess," said the groceryman. "She might have been a few years older or younger, I don't know. 'I don't know exactly what I do want,' she says. 'I haven't had time to think about it. I'll want some sugar an some salt—an' pepper——'"

"Did you say she was good lookin?" asked the cook. "What was she wearin'?"

"She's a peach,' said the groceryman. "'Pepper, she says, 'an' mustard. You don't keep cream, do you? I can't think what else it is I want,' she says. 'Oh, coffee an' tea, o' course.' Then ——"

"Is she a blonde or a brunette?" asked the cook. "You didn't tell me what she had on.'

"It was a kind of a dress," explained the groceryman.

"Smarty!" said the pretty cook.

"Then she stuck," pursued the groceryman. "Couldn't seem to think of anything else. So I says, 'You let me name over a few things, ma'am,' I says, an' she says, 'Oh, thank you so much.' So——"

"What's their name?" asked the cook.

"Now you listen to me an don't keep buttin' in," said the groceryman. "I want to tell you. I got out a pencil an a list an' my order book an' I put in half an hour namin 'things that she needed an' puttin' em down. An' when I got through how much do you think it come to? A hundred an' seventy-six dollars an' thirty-two cents! 'My gracious!' she says, 'I hadn't no idea it would amount up like that. I thought it would be about $20. I couldn't spend more than that. So I had to cut it down to $20. Wouldn't that jar you?"

"There's jest one thing I've got out of all this," said the pretty cook. "She ain't more'n 20 herself."—Chicago Daily News.

Rare Jewel!

The New York correspondent of the Pittsburg Dispatch writes:

"Don't mention art to me," remarked a Pittsburger, as I pointed out a marvelous piece of photography to him the other day. "Speak not of Rembrandts and Whistlers, but let's get right down to Gainsboroughs. Now, much has been said about the woman and the high-priced hat. It's all bosh. My wife is the best artist in the world, and I defy you to say that she hasn't the prettiest hat in New York. It would make the Duches of Devonshire's look like that of an East Side waitress. She wears good hats because she's an artist. Can't understand, eh? Well, here's how she did it the other day: It was her birthday, and I wanted to crown her with feathers, birds, fruit, leaves, etc., and we started to explore the stores. A hat costing $42, displayed in the window of a Fifth avenue store, caught her fancy. 'Too much,' said she. 'But wait,' she added. Pulling a pad and pencil from one of those junior suit cases the women carry nowadays, she began to sketch that hat. It took her about fifteen minutes, and in the meantime, to relieve by embarrassment, I stood on the curbstone smoking my cigar. She joined me with a triumphant light in her eyes, and exhibiting an excellent picture of the hat she coveted. 'I'll buy the frame and the trimmings and make the hat myself.' And she did. The hat complete cost her something less than $8."

GRANDFATHER OF A POET

Gen. Peleg Wadsworth, the grandfather of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, was, in the phraseology of colonial times, a man of parts and of large possessions. In 1780 the "new Nation of Sovereign States" deeded Gen. Peleg Wadsworth 7,800 acres of land, extending from the Ossipee to the Saco, in appreciation of his stanch adherence to the colonial cause. In "The Youthful Haunts of Longfellow," George Thornton Edwards describes Wadsworth Hall, the mansion erected by the general at Hiram, Me., where the young poet loved to go, and which always had a warm place in his affections.

The story of General Wadsworth's capture by the British is an interesting one. The term of service of the 600 troops under his command had expired, and he was left in a secluded building on the borders of a small stream in Thomaston with a guard of only six soldiers.

Through spies the British learned of his defenseless condition, and planned an adroit attack. At midnight of Feb. 18, 1781, they surprised the small party, all of whom, excepting the guard, were asleep.

The general, seizing a brace of pistols, drove the attacking party back to the door, and kept them at bay with a blunderbuss; then, seizing a bayonet, he defended himself until a bullet, crashing through his arm, rendered him helpless.

He was marched through the snow and taken to Castine, where he remained a prisoner for two months.

Seeing the day of his departure for England approaching, and realizing that if he was taken across the ocean he might never return alive, he, with a brave companion, Maj. Benjamin Burton, planned an escape.

With no better tools than a penknife and a gimlet, after three weeks' labor they cut an opening in the pine ceiling of their room. Each cut and boring, as it was made, was concealed by being filled with paste made from bread moistened in their mouths.

During a night as black as the traditional darkness of Egypt, and with the rain pouring in torrents, they removed the panel and escaped. Although pursued by the enemy, they arrived, after three days of hardship, safely back among the habitations of the Americans.

Not the Right One.

"Did you finally get up courage enough to ask her to marry you?"

"Yes, and she gave her word."

"Ah! I congratulate you——"

"Not so fast. Her word was 'Nit.'"—Philadelphia Ledger

LATE HAPPENINGS ALONG THE COAST

Interesting Items of News From Those States that Border the Broad Pacific.

Current Events Among Your Neighbors in the Far West Gathered by Mail and Telegraph and Presented in Kaledioscopic Array.

Vacaville.—A drunken Japanese cook played havoc here one day last week. The man set fire to Watson's packing shed, causing the destruction of thirty tons of prunes, a four-horse wagon, hay and farming implements.

San Francisco.—The San Francisco Cream Depot, a corporation, was fined $25 by Judge Shortall on a charge of violating the State milk law, which provides that milk shall contain a certain percentage of solids not fats. The case has been bitterly contested.

Los Angeles.—A. H. Salisbury, a teamster, aged 40 years, who resided at 812 Carlton way, Hollywood, shot and killed himself at his home. Salisbury had expressed a fear that his wife was going insane, and is said to have brooded over the subject of late.

Portland.—The accidental explosion of a piston head in the machine shops of the Salem, Falls City and Western Railway Company killed August Gerlinger, engineer, and injured Master Mechanic Carl Gerlinger and John Carney, apprentice. They were heating a cylinder head to shrink it on the shaft.

Seattle.—There will be no change in the route of the New York to Paris automobile race. The American machine and crew left here on the steamship Santa Clara for Valdez. From there to Nome the American machine will make every effort to comply with all the conditions of the race, no matter what the conditions are regarding the trails or the country.

San Francisco.—A girl baby was born last week at the summit of Tamalpais to the wife of R. Fisher, the United States Weather Bureau observer stationed at the top of the mountain. This is the first time that the stork has ever stopped there, and Alexander McAdie, head of the Weather Bureau in these parts, takes the visit as a special compliment to the service.

Bellingham, Wash.—Five boys, ranging in age from 16 to 19 years, confessed to having conducted a series of wholesale burglaries in this city for several months past. This is the second gang of boys captured here in the last two weeks who have conducted burglaries and forgeries in true Western style. Three of the first gang have been sent to the State Reform School.

Santa Monica.—Rev. M. D. Gage, aged 80 years, E. R. Kennedy, 74, and W. W. Bryant, 65, made a remarkable mountain journey up Santa Ynez canyon, ascending fourteen peaks and leaving their names on the message, "For God and our Country," in a box under a rock on the highest point reached. Their purpose was to show friends that age has not sapped their vigor and to get the superb marine view.

Raton, N. M.—The Grand Jury made a report to Judge William J. Mills last week. Indictments were handed down against Mayor T. F. McAuliffe and Aldermen J. J. Shuler, Thomas McBride, A. J. Boulette, Hendy Jones, Patrick Boyle, J. M. Sandoval and Samuel Raines for alleged extortion from keepers and inmates of disreputable houses. Guy Howe, son of Marshall Howe, alleged go between, was indicted on the charge of embezzlement.

San Jose.—Mr. and Mrs. A. E. House and son, Edward, awoke in their home on Maple avenue, near First street, to find the house ablaze. The parents slept up stairs, and but for the appearance of a newspaper carrier and a neighbor they would have been burned to death. The mother was rescued through an upper window by means of a ladder, and the father was dragged out unconscious and seriously burned. The loss was $3,000, with $1,000 insurance.

Seattle, Wash.—The collapse of a bridge on the Columbia and Puget Sound Railroad, owned by the Pacific Coast Company, while a train was passing over it, paradoxically enough, saved 200 lives. Six cars of coal from the Franklin mines went into Cedar River, but not a soul was injured. Had the bridge not gone down with the coal train, it undoubtedly would have collapsed under the weight of a passenger train, with its heavier coaches, which came along some ten minutes later from the opposite direction.

NOTES FROM THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

Items of Interest Regarding the Work of Our Legislators.

Washington.—The House Ways and Means Committee has reported favorably Representative Kahn's bill providing an increase in the pay of Customs Inspectors of the port of San Francisco.

Washington.—Senator Carter of the Committee on Postoffices and Postroads introduced a bill to establish postal savings banks. He said that this measure was satisfactory to the Postoffice Department, and it was referred back to the committee and will receive further consideration.

Washington.—A bill repealing the act of March 2, 1867, prohibiting the payment of any claim against the United States originating before the Civil War to any one who did not prove loyalty to the United States during that war, was passed by the Senate. It was claimed that the law was practically repealed by the proclamation of amnesty.

Washington.—The general arbitration treaty agreed upon at The Hague conference was ratified by the Senate, as were arbitration treaties between the United States and Mexico and between the United States and Italy. The resolution agreed upon by the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations that recourse to the permanent court of arbitration can be had only by agreement upon special treaties between parties in dispute, was adopted by the Senate.

Washington.—Speaker Cannon introduced resolutions directing the Attorney-General and the Secretary of Commerce and Labor to inform the House what steps have been taken by those departments to investigate the action of the International Paper Company of New York and other corporations supposed to be engaged in an effort to create a monopoly in print paper. In a statement Mr. Cannon said that if the claims of the publishers are correct, the manufacturers of paper are subject to penalties and the "trust" can be dissolved in the United States Court.

Chef Quiets Hungry Man With Rolling Pin.

Reno.—James Riley, a wealthy Rawhide leaser, brought his three months' earnings to Reno and proceeded to spend a few thousand about town. The food that he ordered in a Center-street cafe included a large tenderloin steak, and although instructions were given as to how the meat should have been cooked, the chef did not understand.

Riley invaded the kitchen, following a fight with a waiter, and there battled with the chef. When the police arrived the cook had damaged Riley's head with a rolling pin. The wealthy miner was sent to a local hospital.

New York Wants Secret Service.

New York.—As a result of the recent disturbance in Union Square, when, after a clash between the police and 10,000 men and women, who had assembled to take part in a meeting of unemployed, one man was killed and several were injured by the explosion of a bomb, Police Commissioner Bingham renewed to the Board of Aldermen his request for funds for the establishment of a secret service in connection with the Police Department. The sum asked is $100,000.

Japs Attack Men in U. S. Consulate.

Moukden.—Four Japanese entered the American Consulate and brutally attacked the native staff in revenge for a private spite.

Consul-General Straight made a requisition on the Chinese police, and the Japanese were arrested and taken to the Japanese Consulate.

No apology has yet been offered and it is probable that the matter will be made a subject of diplomatic action.

Ended Life as Husband Was Buried.

Denver.—Just at the hour when she knew that her husband was being lowered into the grave in Cleveland, O., Mrs. Elizabeth Enz, aged 78 years, shot herself through the head, having grown weary of waiting for death. A telegram telling of the death of her husband, Lawrence Enz, in Chicago, lay on the bed beside the body.

Girl Witness Accused of Perjury.

New York.—Flora Whiston, one of the girls who testified in the recent case against Raymond Hitchcock, the comedian, has been indicted by a Grand Jury on a charge of perjury, alleged to have been committed in her testimony in the Hitchcock case.

Another Mill Reopens.

Sharon, Pa.—The Wheatland mill of the Shenango Iron and Steel Company and the finishing department of the Sharon Steel Hoop Company resumed operations Monday, affording employment to 1,000 men.

BAY CITY ABOUT READY TO MAKE JACK FEEL AT HOME

San Francisco.—"School Children's Day," Tuesday, May 12th, as details of the event were finally arranged last week by the Board of Education and Walter Macarthur's committee on entertainment of the enlisted men of the fleet, will be a great day for the children of the San Francisco public schools. On that day 35,000 children will be given an opportunity to visit the battle-ships.

Walter Macarthur has commenced the work of equipping the big clubhouse for the sailors at 52-58 Beale street. This will be finished in two weeks, it is hoped, and will be kept open for the accommodation of the bluejackets for three months.

On the first floor there will be billiard and pool tables and other games and space for a reading room and restaurant, where light refreshments will be prepared. Most of the upper story will be utilized for a dormitory and fitted out with beds, with accommodations for 300 sailors. A. McCarl of the Naval Young Men's Christian Association will be in charge of the clubhouse. In no way, said Macarthur, would the place be run in opposition to hotels or restaurants. The idea of the committee is merely to provide a place where the enlisted men can be made comfortable, get a small bit to eat, and, if they desire, spend the night comfortably. They will be charged only enough to meet the expenses of operating the clubhouse, as it is desired not to make it a drain on the regular fleet fund.

In addition to this, those sailors who care for more strenuous amusements will be provided for at the big tent and vacant lot at Market and Eighth streets, where a pavilion is now being erected by the Market Street Improvement Association. In the lot adjoining is ample space for baseball games, races, tugs of war and other outdoor games.

The uniform of the United Seates Navy will be the only requisite for entry to the pavilion. The pavilion will have a floor finished for dancing, and boarded sides, with a canvas cover. Tables and chairs, newspapers and magazines, with writing material, a postoffice and letter distributing station will be provided for the men.

There will be a stage for exhibitions and entertainments; the rest of the space will be devoted to reading and lounging rooms. There will also be space for boxing, wrestling and other indoor sports.

Paso Robles.—"I will be on the bridge of the Connecticut to bring the fleet in through the Golden Gate. I have never failed in anything I have undertaken and I will do it." Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans thus expressed the determination of an indomitable will as he looked from the windows of his room at the Paso Robles Hotel over the green and oak-dotted hills that reached away to the horizon line of the clear blue of the California sky.

It was the voice of a strong man, but the ashen-white face, drawn in lines of pain, told the pitiable story of weakness, and his physicians know that if he succeeds in his determination to rejoin the fleet on its voyage it will be to add a greater victory to the record of "Fighting Bob" Evans.

Since the fleet left the East, the Admiral has hardly taken an unsupported step. All his commands have been received at his bedside and time and again the surgeons have had to make incisions to remove the calcareous matter at the joints to relieve his pain.

Melbourne.—Alfred Deakin, Prime Minister of Australia, has received a cable message announcing that the American battle-ship fleet, which will be divided into two squadrons of eight war ships each, will arrive here September 1st and will stay for a period of ten days. The fleet will arrive at Sydney September 13th and will remain there ten days. The armored cruisers, however, will not visit Australian waters. Deakin has cabled Washington that it is the desire of other Australian States that the fleet shall visit Hobart, Perth, Adelaide and Brisbane.

BRYAN'S OPPONENTS LAUNCH GRAY AND JOHNSON BOOMS

Washington.—Supporters of George Gray of Delaware for the Democratic nomination for President have established headquarters in Washington and entered upon a campaign in behalf of the Delaware statesman. Richard J. Beemish of Philadelphia, who is in charge of the bureau, states that the movement is being made without the aid or encouragement of Judge Gray, who, it is added, has not said a word or done anything that could be construed as seeking the nomination. The fund that is to finance the Washington headquarters has been subscribed, it is said, by a few Delawarans and Pennsylvanians.

The work to be done will be supplemented by that of a similar bureau in Judge Gray's home town, Wilmington. A league of Gray clubs is also in progress of foundation. The work of this organization, according to Beemish, will be done largely in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New York, the New England States and the South.

The Presidential boom of Governor John A. Johnson was launched upon the capital and Congress with true Western originality, when to every Washington correspondent and Democratic Congressman was handed a special delivery letter mailed directly from the established headquarters of the new Minnesota Governor in Chicago. The letter was signed by Frederick B. Lynch, treasurer of the Minnesota Democratic committee, and transmitted a pamphlet setting forth concisely the points of advisability of Governor Johnson as the Democratic Presidential candidate and giving a terse review of his public services.

TOM WATSON NAMED TO LEAD POPULIST NATIONAL TICKET

St. Louis.—For President of the United States, Thomas E. Watson of Georgia.

For Vice-President, Samuel W. Williams of Indiana.

This ticket was nominated by the People's Party Convention after two stormy sessions, throughout which the Nebraska and Minnesota delegations, working in the interest of William J. Bryan, strove desperately to bring about an adjournment of the convention until after nominations had been made by the Democratic and Republican parties. Hopelessly outnumbered and without any chance whatever of gaining their object, the Nebraska men fought desperately to the last, and when Jay A. Forest of Albany, N. Y., mounted the platform they withdrew from the convention, attended by the Minnesota delegation, which consisted, however, of only one man—T. J. Weighan. If Bryan is nominated at Denver the men who walked out of the convention will support him, and they declare that the Populists of Nebraska will do so to a man.

Thomas E. Watson, the Presidential nominee, is well known throughout the country, and his political life is familiar history. Samuel W. Williams, the candidate for Vice-President, is a resident of Vincennes, Ind., where he has practiced law for many years. He is 62 years of age, and has always been more or less of an active participant in politics. He was at one time a Democratic member of the Indiana Legislature and has been identified with the Populist party since its creation. He is gray-haired and gray-bearded, about six feet two inches tall, lean and of a nervous temperament.

Quarreling Politicians Fined.

Little Rock, Ark.—In the Police Court here Thomas Helm, deputy prosecuting attorney, who assaulted United States Senator Jefferson Davis on the street, was fined $10. Senator Davis was fined $25 for disturbing the peace, having made threats of shooting his antagonist following the assault.

Diamond Workers Quit Work.

Amsterdam.—The Diamond Workers' Union by a vote of 5001 to 390, decided on complete cessation of work during April. The decision will affect 10,000 men in the polishing and allied trades. When work is resumed the union intends to demand higher wages for its members.

CANNOT WRITE POLICIES IN NEBRASKA.

Angry State Insurance Commissioner Puts Ban on California Companies.

Lincoln, Neb.—Insurance Auditor Pierce has barred from the State of Nebraska all insurance companies organized under the laws of the State of California.

This retaliatory measure comes as the result of the long altercation with Commissioner Wolf of California. A few days ago Pierce received word that the Bankers' Life of Lincoln would not be admitted to California, owing to its refusal to comply with the insurance laws of that State. He fairly bristled with rage.

Agents for the Pacific Mutual of Los Angeles, the Fireman's Fund and the Home Fire and Marine, both of San Francisco, have been notified to stop writing business in Nebraska. These three companies in 1906 collected an aggregate of $54,759 in Nebraska premiums and they have a flourishing business here.

Pierce is chagrined over the refusal of the California officials to accept Nebraska examinations. When he inquired about the possibility of the admission of the Lincoln company the other day Wolf laconically replied that the situation was unchanged. Then Pierce decided on retribution.

Many Poisoned by Joker's Act.

Tampico, Ill.—Croton oil, put in the coffee by jokers at a lodge banquet here, poisoned one-half the population of the village who were at the banquet, and all but one doctor was knocked out, the others being unable to attend to calls from those dangerously ill.

Many were unable to get away from the lodge hall before they fell over and others fell while en route home. What had been an occasion of joviality was turned into a terrible calamity and the hall was made a temporary hospital. The most prominent people of the village were stricken and the results were all but fatal, because of the inability to get medical aid at once when needed. The jokers were summoned to appear before Magistrate James Hain, and will be prosecuted severely.

Many Lost in Naval Disaster.

Portsmouth, England.—Thirty-six men, including Lieutenant Middleton, the commander of the torpedo boat destroyer Tiger, lost their lives in a collision off the Isle of Wight between that vessel and the British cruiser Berwick. The vessels belong to the Portsmouth division of the British home fleet, and were engaged in night maneuvers in the channel while on their way to Portland. The night was very dark and the Berwick was steaming slowly. When the destroyer attempted to cross the big cruiser's bow she was caught amidships and cut in half with knife-like precision, sinking almost immediately.

Aberdeen Wants Part of Fleet.

Aberdeen, Wash.—Concerted action will be taken by the commercial clubs of this place and Hoquiam to secure one or more of the ships of the fleet to spend a few days in the harbor. An effort will be made to have a cruiser, a torpedo-boat and a torpedo-boat destroyer come here. Congressmen Jones and Cushman have promised their support of the plan.

Killed by Gas Explosion.

San Francisco.—Explosion of gases in a sewer at the corner of Kearny and Sutter streets blew off the cover to the manhole, and Mrs. A. W. Stillwell of 2367 Sutter street, who was waiting for an outbound Sutter street car at the time, sustained fatal injuries. Her skull, her right leg and several ribs on her right side were fractured.

Rich Lumbermen Fined.

Toledo, Ohio.—The twenty wealthy lumbermen of Toledo found guilty of conspiracy in restraint of trade under the Valentine anti-trust law were sentenced by Judge Kumler in the Common Pleas Court. The sentences were fines ranging from $500 to $1,000, and in no instance was a jail sentence given.

Storm Does Great Damage.

Marysville, Ky.—A storm damaged property and merchandise to the extent of $75,000. Mrs. D. Boone, son and daughter on Lawrence creek were in their home, which was washed away and they were drowned.

Puts Ban on Cigarettes.

Redlands.—The City Trustees have adopted an ordinance prohibiting any one "from selling or giving away in the city any cigarettes, cigarette paper or the makings or substitute for the same."

WHAT THE WORLD HAS BEEN DOING

Important Happenings of the Past Week Tersely Related in Short Paragraphs.

Current Events in Every Part of the Globe Gathered by Many Correspondents and Briefly Reviewed for the Benefit of Our Readers.

Bay City.—The joint convention of the Michigan coal operators and miners agreed that the general scale of wages of last year shall continue in effect until March 31, 1909. The miners will continue at work.

St. Louis.—Representatives of Twenty-four breweries in St. Louis and vicinity and of the Brewery Workers' unions signed new contracts, ending the strike of 3,500 brewery workers, which has been on for more than three weeks.

New York.—The directors of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway Company declared a semi annual dividend of 2½ per cent on the common stock. This is a reduction of one-half of 1 per cent from that of the last previous six months.

Liverpool.—M. Lazareff, who last year won the Russian Derby, has engaged Herman Radtke, the American jockey, to ride his horses in St. Petersbuarg. M. Lazareff also maintains a stable at Moscow, where another American, Wingfield, is the principal jockey.

Berlin.—An authentic report is in circulation that a bill will be introduced into the Prussian diet raising the civil list of the Emperor. This list now amounts of $3,930,000 a year, which sum is paid the Emperor as King of Prussia and not as German Emperor, a position which carries no salary.

New York.—Following the sending of letters demanding money, a bomb was thrown at the home of Joseph Scullitto in Beaver street, Brooklyn. The explosion broke all the windows in the house, but the occupants escaped uninjured. The Scullitto home is within a block of that of Selig Silverstein, the man who threw the bomb in Union Square on Saturday.

New York.—Judge William Platt, in the County Court at White Plains, sentenced James Harlan, one of the burglars who masqueraded as a yachtsman in evening clothes and committed thirteen robberies in New Rochelle, Mount Vernon and Yonkers, to twenty-seven years in Sing Sing Prison. This is the heaviest sentence ever imposed on a burglar in Westchester county.

New York.—Following the receipts from police headquarters of a warning that evidence had been received that an anarchistic attack might be made upon the members of the exchange, the Consolidated Stock Exchange has decided to close its galleries. Similar warnings are said to have been sent to officials of the other exchanges, including the Cotton Exchange and the New York Stock Exchange.

Washington.—President Roosevelt sent to the Senate the nomination of Dr. David Jayne Hill to be American Ambassador at Berlin, Germany. The resignation of Charlemagne Tower has been accepted, to take effect June 1st, when Dr. Hill will assume his new duties. This statement, made at the White House, is said to be taken as a happy ending of the Hill incident. For a time it looked as though Germany would decline to receive Dr. Hill.

Chicago.—George Siler last week regained possession of Rosie Siler, 7 years old, whom he had adopted after her parents were killed, it is believed, in the San Francisco earthquake. Siler, who is well known in sporting circles as a referee of prize fights, adopted the girl from the McKinley Orphanage in San Francisco. When the Silers went to Florida they left the girl with a friend. Upon their return the girl refused to live with the Silers. Habeas corpus proceedings were nullified when the girl voluntarily returned to her foster parents.

St. Louis.—Seven men from Southeast Missouri, who had been convicted in the Federal Court on the charge of peonage, surrendered to United States Marshall Morsey, and were taken by him to the United States Prison at Leavenworth, Kas., to serve their terms, ranging from one and a half to three and a half years. They were convicted in the United States District Court at Cape Girardeau of having kept negroes in bondage. They said that when they left their homes near Sikeston to come to St. Louis, 200 of their friends and the brass band of Sikeston accompanied them to the train.

ROOSEVELT OR TAFT.

Choice of Two Men Only Offered Republican Party.

ON THE HORNS OF A DILEMMA

President Commits Error For Which He Criticised an Illustrious Predecessor—Significance of the Nebraska Democratic Platform—Reflects Views of Bryan—His Attitude Toward Railroads and Direct Legislation.

By WILLIS J. ABBOT.

The growing belief in Washington that President Roosevelt is not merely a receptive but a positive candidate for renomination has led to some investigation of his public utterances when he was a literary man rather than a politician. Theoretically Mr. Roosevelt is trying to name his successor. The threat is openly made that if Mr. Taft shall not be named to succeed him the presidential party in the Chicago convention will stampede it for Roosevelt. In short, there is offered to the Republican party only a choice between two men, both of whom its leaders dislike equally. If they will not have Taft, they must take Roosevelt.

This matter of a president selecting his successor and perpetuating his dynasty was very accurately described by Theodore Roosevelt in his "Life of Benton." Writing then of Andrew Jackson, who did absolutely dictate his successor and wrecked his party for a time, Mr. Roosevelt said:

The Jacksonian Democracy was completely ruled by a machine, of which the most important cogs were the countless officeholders, whom the spoils system had already converted into a band of political mercenaries. * * * Besides this, such an organization requires * * * to have as its leader and figurehead a man who really has a great hold on the people at large, and who yet can be managed by such politicians as possess the requisite adroitness. * * * Jackson liked Van Buren because the latter had served him both personally and politically—Indeed Jackson was incapable of distinguishing between a political and a personal service. * * * (The members of the kitchen cabinet) used his name and enormous influence with the masses, coupled with their own mastery of machine methods, to bring about the New Yorker's nomination.

It is perfectly true that Van Buren was elected. It is equally true that the action of President Jackson in forcing him upon an unwilling party resulted in the disintegration of that party and stands as the one serious blot on the Jackson escutcheon.

President Roosevelt's criticisms of Jackson are well founded, but today he is doing the same thing which he criticised his more illustrious predecessor for having done. Either he is insisting that he shall nominate his successor or else he is using Secretary Taft as a stalking horse for himself. There is absolutely no third explanation of his conduct. Upon one of the horns of this dilemma he must be impaled.

The Nebraska Convention.

Of course Washington was not surprised by the action of the Democratic state convention in Nebraska in indorsing Mr. Bryan for the presidency and adopting a platform largely dictated by him. But public men here are interested in the platform itself and in speculations as to its significance. It is a Bryan platform clearly. Certain things which Mr. Bryan has been charged with insisting upon do not appear in it. No one was surprised that government ownership of railroads was not mentioned, because Mr. Bryan's attitude has always been that government regulation should be submitted to the most complete and final tests before the alternative of public ownership should be appealed to. Only mendacious opponents of the Democratic party have ever accused Mr. Bryan of any other position than this. That the question of the initiative and referendum was for the moment ignored suggests that in going into the coming campaign Mr. Bryan is likely to adopt the tactics set down some centuries ago by one Julius Caesar, who in his commentaries says that when he went into battle he left everything which might impede his actions behind. Not that I mean that Mr. Bryan is not a believer in direct legislation, but that evidently he is inclined to confine his platform and his utterances to those things on which his party is a unit.

Some months ago Mr. Bryan remarked to me that he would like to see a national platform that could be printed on a postal card. The Nebraska platform hardly meets this ideal, and perhaps it would be impossible ever to attain it. Few people who have neither sat in a committee on resolutions of either great national party nor had opportunity to talk with those who have been members of that committee have any idea of the enormous number of suggestions presented to the committee and the pressure brought to bear to get these suggestions incorporated in the platform. Yet it is probably true that the first convention which would break away from the established custom of a platform almost as long as a president's message and adopt one dealing only with fundamental principles, leaving it to the candidate to expand upon them if he saw fit, would make a tremendous hit. Mr. Bryan is a platform in himself. Theodore Roosevelt is a platform. I doubt whether there are any qualified voters in the United States who if these two men should be pitted against each other would look to the formally adopted platform of either party for explanation as to what were the views of either candidate or what might be expected in the event of his election.

The Minnesota Situation.

The Democratic state committee of Minnesota has indorsed the candidacy of Governor John Johnson for the presidential nomination. It is quite within the province of the committee to express such an opinion. I have always held in this correspondence that it would be better for the Democratic party if there should be several names presented to the Denver convention. Governor Johnson's name may well be offered. So also the name of Mr. Chanler of New York might properly be presented. Senator Culberson's name ought surely to go before the convention, because there is no man in the United States senate today who more thoroughly represents true democracy than he. If I am charged with speaking for the Bryan Democracy I will plead guilty to being quite ready and quite eager to see the name of Senator Culberson presented to the convention. A Democratic convention should consider the names of all prominent Democrats. It is for the convention to determine which one most closely represents the policies of the party. True, the state conventions should instruct their own delegates so that each delegation may represent the voters of the state who selected it. There is no reason why Governor Johnson should not have his delegation if the Democratic voters of Minnesota desire him. Indeed, it would seem proper that as he is offered as what they call in machine politics "a favorite son" his state might well be conceded to him. The Republican organization has taken this view in the cases of Governor Hughes, Vice President Fairbanks, Senator Knox and Senator La Follette. There seems to be every reason why Governor Johnson, if he desires to be a candidate, should be given the support of his state delegation without serious opposition. Probably he would have none except for the violent enthusiasm shown for him by the Washington Post and Cincinnati Enquirer, owned by John R. McLean, who also owns many of the public service corporations in both of those cities; by the New York Sun, believed to be owned by J. Pierpont Morgan, and by the New York World.

Governor Hughes and New York.

Few people in Washington take very seriously the candidacy of Governor Hughes for the presidency—if indeed he is a candidate. He is too new to national affairs—too noncommittal, as a Republican senator who really admires him said to me, to attract the support of a majority of the Republican convention. But Hughes, without chance of nomination, received a few days ago the indorsement of the Republican state committee of New York. The New York man has been a good insurance investigator and, with one exception, a popular governor. The exception was his veto of the two cent fare bill in New York state. That action indicated a willingness to put the burden of proof, in an issue arising between the people and the railroads, upon the people rather than upon the roads. But the chief criticism upon Governor Hughes among national politicians in Washington is that it will take four years to make him known to the people of the United States. He has seldom been west of the Niagara river. In his public speeches he has dispensed fine sounding phrases and accepted platitudes. But with an electorate which seems now to be interested in Roosevelt or Bryan, Hearst or La Follette, the old line of underground politicians of whom New York has produced so many must be regarded as shopworn and only fit to be laid on the shelf.

A View of Roosevelt.

And when it comes to considering Roosevelt as a real politician, one of the most practical type, some things which were said to me the other day by a southern senator, who, though a Democrat, yields to nobody in his admiration for the political skill of the president, may seem pertinent.

"You may remember," said he, "that when it was announced that Governor Hughes would make a statement of his position on national affairs on a Saturday night, Roosevelt was clever enough to get the senate to remain in session, though its practice is to adjourn Thursday night over until the following Monday. Then he sent in a message so fierce in its tone that it would draw away from the Hughes speech the attention of the entire country. That is so recent an incident that everybody remembers it, but how many people do remember now that when the revelation was made that 'the malefactor of great wealth,' E. H. Harriman, had raised more than $250,000 for the Roosevelt campaign fund at Roosevelt's incentive, a spokesman of the president suddenly discovered that there was a conspiracy among rich men to raise $5,000,000 to defeat the president's re-election? The mere suggestion of the conspiracy was so much more dramatic than the proof of the corporation boodle put up for his election that everybody talked about the former and forgot about insurance moneys used in his behalf. When California was up in arms against Japanese immigration and the rights of Japanese students in American schools, Mr. Roosevelt, as commander in chief of the navy, found the time propitious to send the greatest fleet the United States has ever put under one command to the Pacific.

"They talk about there being a Knox press bureau in Washington or a Hughes press bureau in New York or organizations to support this or that candidate—Democratic or Republican. I want to tell you that the greatest press bureau, in charge of the cleverest political advertiser and manager ever known, is maintained today in the executive offices at the White House."

Four or five newspaper men and two members of congress who listened to this outburst of oratory applauded the southern senator and said he was right.

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Cost of Education.

Superinttndent Avery of the Redlands city schools has been collecting some data comparing the expenses of the public schools in Southern California.

In the order of total expense per pupil in the grammar grades, Pomona leads with the least cost, $18.11 per year, and others follow in the order named: Long Beach, $21.09; Los Angeles, $21.97; Fresno, $22.01; Santa Ana, $22.64, Redlands, $27.70; Riverside, $29.45; San Jose, $34.06; Stockton, $34.11; Santa Barbara, $37.50. The average is $26.86 per year.

In the high schools the order is as follows: Fresno, $41; Pomona, $43; Riverside, $46; Santa Barbara, $55; Santa Ana, $55; San Jose, $56; Redlands, $61; Los Angeles, $61; Long Beach, $66; Stockton, $70; Orange, $76; Whittier, $74; Hollywood, $84. Average, $61.

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S. R. WADE, Master.
JAMES FABLINGER, Secretary.

Independent Order of Odd Fellows

Morning Light Lodge, No. 42, meets every Thursday evening in Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning brothers are cordially invited to attend the lodge meetings.

WM. BEATTIE, Noble Grand.
R. E. GATES, Secretary.

Rebekahs

Ada Rebekah Lodge, No. 223, I. O. O. F., meets the first and Third Tuesday evenings at Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning sisters and brothers are cordially invited to attend.

MRS. W. W. DUNHAM, Noble Grand
MISS ETHEL HILLS, Secretary.

Patrons of Husbandry

Orchard City Grange, No. 333, meets on the second and fourth Tuesday evenings at Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend.

A. C. KEESLING, Worthy Master.
MRS. O. A. PUTNAM, Worthy Secretary.

Woodmen of the World

Camp Moorpark, No. 671, meets on the first and third Saturday evenings of each month in Odd Fellows Hall. All sojourning neighbors are invited to attend.

ALFRED BULMORE, Council Com.
L. W. HUTCHINS, Clerk.

Fraternal Aid Association

Palm Leaf Council, No. 560, meets on the second and fourth Saturday evenings at Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend.

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ESTATE OF SAMUEL F. COOPER, DECEASED. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last Will and Testament of Samuel F. Cooper, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this Notice, to the said Executors at the Bank of Campbell, Campbell, Santa Clara County, California, that being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate.

Dated at Campbell, this 23d day of March, A. D., 1908.

CHARLES N. COOPER,
AND JOHN F. DUNCAN,
Executors of the last Will and Testament of Samuel F. Cooper, deceased.

L. D. BOHNETT,
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6:32 a m, Daily (including Sunday) to San Francisco, via Oakland.
7:10 a m, Daily (except Sunday) to San Francisco, via Palo Alto.
7:30 a m, New Almaden to San Jose, Mixed.
2:45 p m, Freight.
3:10 p m, Daily (including Sunday) to San Francisco, via Oakland.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO

8:26 a m, Freight
Leave S. F. 8:20 a m Daily, via Oakland, including Sunday, arrive Campbell 11:00.
5:08 p m, New Almaden Mixed, Daily.
Leave S. F. 5:00 p. m. Daily, except Sunday, via Palo Alto, arrive Campbell 6:55.
Leave S. F. 5:00 p. m. Daily, including Sunday, via Oakland, arrive Campbell 7:30.

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